

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY  
IN

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year. No. 14.

WILLIAM BOOTH  
General

TORONTO, JANUARY 3, 1903.

EVANGELINE BOOTH.  
Commissioner.

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## DO WE FORGET ?

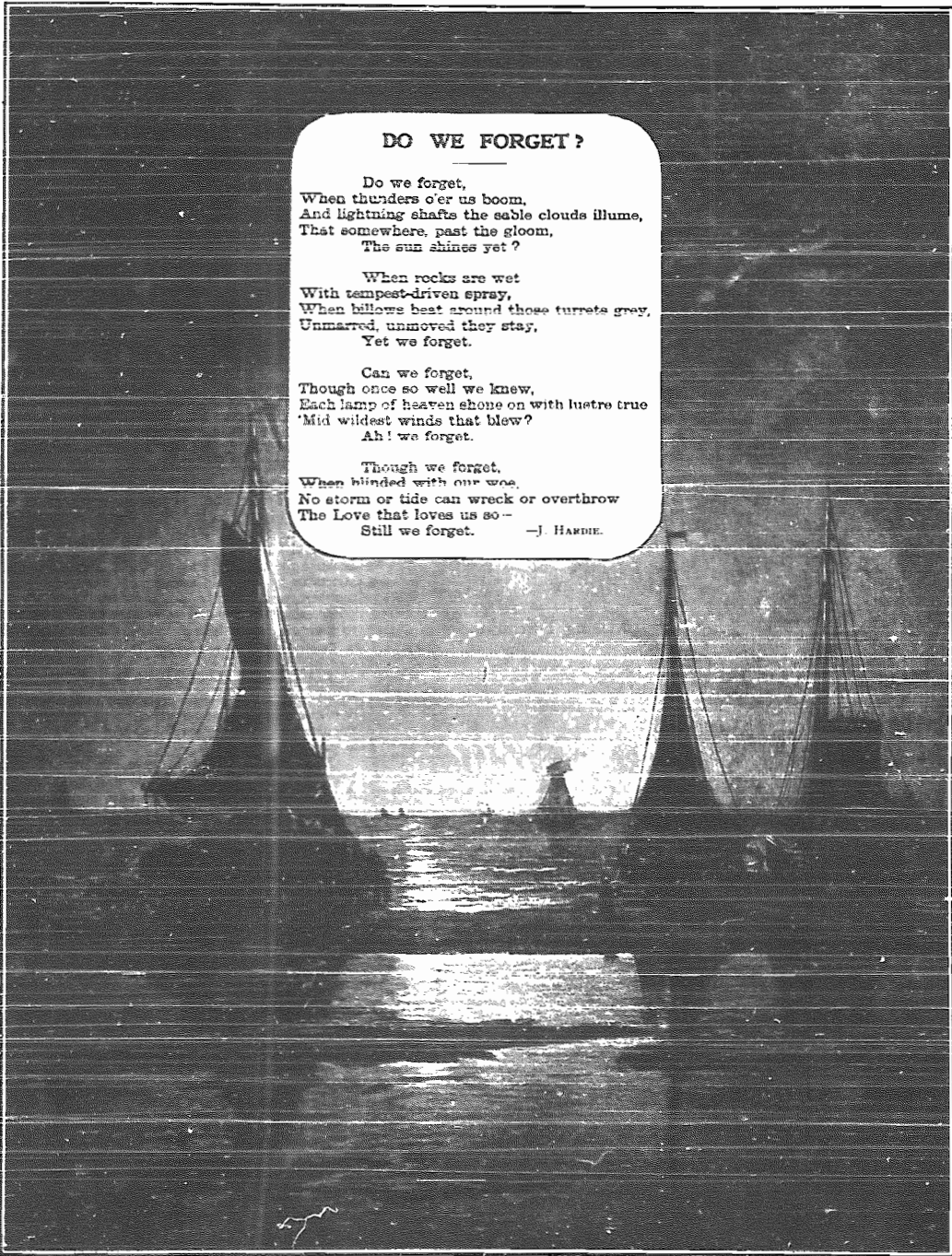
Do we forget,  
When thunders o'er us boom,  
And lightning shafts the sable clouds illumine,  
That somewhere, past the gloom,  
The sun shines yet ?

When rocks are wet  
With tempest-driven spray,  
When billows beat around those turrets gray,  
Unmarred, unmoved they stay,  
Yet we forget.

Can we forget,  
Though once so well we knew,  
Each lamp of heaven shone on with lustre true  
'Mid wildest winds that blew ?  
Ah ! we forget.

Though we forget,  
When blinded with our woe,  
No storm or tide can wreck or overthrow  
The Love that loves us so -  
Still we forget.

—J. HARDIE.



## The King's Business Requires Haste.

BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

**"THE** King's business requires haste." When his commands are given, his decrees are passed, and his wishes are expressed, his heralds take the swiftest steeds, the fastest trains, and the speediest ships; use the telephone, the telegraph, and any other system they can command to expedite the business of the King.

If this is so with matters that concern earthly governments, ought it not to be ten thousand times more so with business that concerns the King of all kings? The importance of His business cannot be estimated. It has to do with the ages that are past and the ages that are to come. His business has to do with the heavens above and with the hells beneath. His business has to do with the world's creation and with the world's destruction. His business has not only to do with man's salvation, but with man's damnation. His business is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.

What an honor, then, is conferred upon us, as poor, dying mortals, to be called to be sharers in such mighty matters that call for the attention of the King.

You and I are called to be co-workers with Him in seeking the salvation of the lost, in going to rescue the perishing and to join hands and hearts with the Bleeding Lamb in converting the souls He gave His life to save.

What an honor is this! Just think of it—co-workers together with God! Why, some people would—nay, do—count it no mean privilege to labor for the princes of this world. As they clean their stables, manage their horses, drive their carriages, plough their fields, cut their corn, gather their fruit, repair their buildings, wait on their tables, and attend to their needs, they feel it, and count it, an honor to be allowed to work for the princes and kings of the earth.

But you, my brother, and you, my sister, are called to do work that angels and archangels envy, and that seraphs and cherubs would gladly leave their seats in heaven if they could only help to share in the labor of their Lord. And yet some people are so dilatory and slow to move. Oh, the hanging-back there is! Why, in the name of all that is good, why is there not a glorious rush, a mighty march, a wholesale running, to the redemption and deliverance of the slaves of Satan? I tell you, there is not time to lose, opportunities are speeding away. They will all be gone, and that very soon.

When the people are stricken with some deadly disease, the doctor makes haste. When the buildings are in a blaze, the firemen make haste. When the ships are being wrecked by the angry storm, and men and women are perishing in the heartless breakers, the life-boat men make haste. And when the poor murderer is condemned to die, within a few hours of the gallows, and a pardon is sent from those in authority, and in a sense hold the life of the guilty one in their hands, I tell you that the messenger who is entrusted with such a perilous document makes haste. So you, my brother, and you, my sister, ought to fly with streaming eyes and a tender heart, with yearning souls and uplifted arms, to the rescue of the sin-stricken world around you.

Make haste! Be quick to wipe away tears and bind up broken hearts. Make haste and lift up those who stagger on the brink of darkest damnation. Make haste! Make haste! See the drunkards die, the poor perish, the harlots rot, and sinners damned by the thousands. Make haste, make haste, my comrades! God presses you to decide now. Mind you, there is not an hour to wait, nor a moment to lose.

What will you do now? Reader, the King's business requires haste. You know what the will of God concerning you is. You know the way He has pointed out for you to take, and the business He wants you to do has been written out by His own hand before your own eyes in letters of precious blood that can never fade. As you read this, you can see Jesus, your Saviour, our Lord, with that thorn-crowned brow, those nailed hands, those spiked feet, that

wounded side, that broken heart. And as you turn your eyes from everything else, you can see Him as He dips His pen in the humility of the stable, the solitude of the mountain, the struggles of the wilderness, the betrayal of the garden, the sweat of Gethsemane, the scorn of the judgment hall, the weariness of that last march, the cruelty of the cross, and the groans of His heart, and the darkness prevailing, and the agony of those last hours, and as He takes His pen out of all that He suffered and did. He writes out in big, unmistakable language: "My Father's business, My business, the business of the poor, the business of the lost, and the business that called Me from My Kingship in the worlds of everlasting beauty, requires haste."

What shall your answer be? Ere you turn your eyes away from the picture before you, write your application quickly and send it to your Provincial Officer.

## Interesting Items Of Our British Social Reform Work.

### Slums and Sobriety.

A PARAGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THAT DRINK AND DIRT ARE NEAR NEIGHBORS.

The Bishop of London recently stated that out of one thousand female inmates of a certain London workhouse, five hundred were there through drink! In the infirmary of that workhouse were hundreds of young women; and in ninety cases out of a hundred the girls had lost the purity of their lives through drink. In nursing homes, added the Bishop, where the patients are mostly drawn from the well-to-do classes, half the cases arise from the abuse of alcohol.

Amidst the poor the cause of drink amongst women was frequently poverty, worry, and starvation. "The matter," added Bishop Ingram, "is tremendously bound up in the question of the housing of the working-classes. Give them better houses. It is not the pig which makes the sty, but the sty which makes the pig."

### Making Them Fit.

TELLING HOW A MAN WAS AFRESH EQUIPPED FOR THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

The Social work of the Salvation Army does not seek to merely feed and shelter the drunkards, out-of-works, and social wrecks, who come to our institutions; its aim is to get them afresh equipped for taking an active part in the battle of life.

Five months ago James Steinhouse came to the City Colony, and begged us to give him some work so that he might be able to obtain food and shelter. He had failed absolutely to find it for himself. For one thing, his appearance was against him. After the particulars of his case had been taken, James was sent to our Hanbury Street Joinery Works.

Again, as often happens, appearances proved deceptive, and the man who came to us destitute, and looking anything but a reliable workman, soon proved himself a very good mechanic. Patience and perseverance were two prominent traits in his character, and, after being with us five months, he was in possession of plenty of good clothes, etc., and looked what he was—a good workman.

Now we find James in a good outside situation (secured for him mainly by the reference given by our Hanbury Street officers), and full of praise and gratitude to the Salvation Army for helping him in his hour of need.

### What Drink Did for One Man.

STRIKING STORY OF AN EX-SENATOR.

In a beautiful bar-room a group of handsome young men were laughing and drinking, when a poor, tottering tramp pushed open the door, and, with sad eyes, looked at them appealingly. "Come in, Senator, and drown your cares

in the flowing bowl!" they said jeeringly.

"I will come in, thank you," he said, "for I am cold and hungry."

"Take this brandy, Senator," they said, mockingly, "and drink to our health."

After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them for an instant, and then, with a dignity and an eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, he began to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, sadly, "I wish you well. You and I complete a picture of my life. I was, alas! a Senator. My bloated face was once young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proud as yours. I, too, once had a home, and friends, and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of honor and respect in the wine-cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

"Young gentlemen," he said, as he passed out into the darkness, "whichever way you go—whether you follow your mothers' wives', and children's prayers, and enjoy their love on earth and dwell with them in heaven, or whether you become a saddened soul, for ever lost like me, I—I wish you well!"

### More Modern Miracles.

AN INTERESTING REPORT OF ANOTHER REMARKABLE MEETING AT BLACKFRIARS SHELTER.

When Colonel Sturgess stepped outside Blackfriars Shelter at 8.30 p.m. on a recent Sunday, quite a crowd of sorrowful men stood around the gateway—their limbs shivering with cold and their faces clouded with dismay—because the Shelter was full up. The law restricts us to a certain number of sleepers; that number was already accommodated, so the other crowd of homeless applicants, had, much to their regret, to be refused admission.

Twelve hours previously, Colonel Sturgess had opened these same doors so that all who wished to enter might do so free of cost. The result was an audience of 499 homeless and destitute outcasts, who listened with respectful attention to the wonderful story of God's saving grace.

Quite 120 of these men were present at the Free Breakfast meeting for the first time, and these were spoken to individually, and seated where they could see and hear all that would occur in the wonderful meeting about to begin.

As many converts as time permitted gave their testimonies. One, a medical man, told how drink and despair had driven him almost to suicide, and how the grace of God had liberated him from the fetters that bound him, and made him a happy, sober, and godly man.

Capt. Berwick told his experience; Major Fletcher also spoke; then the Governor followed with a solo which appealed to every heart. Major Aspinall (the Chaplain) then read of entering in at the straight gate. "Strive to enter," was his cry, and, true to His promise, God blessed the Word, and thirty-eight men came out to the penitent form. An ordinary meeting would have finished when this marvelous result was obtained; but not so here. Colonel Sturgess, knowing the class of men he was dealing with, gave every penitent special and personal attention, with the object of making sure that every convert registered was in deadly earnest.

"What about your wife?" was one of the pointed questions he asked, as he button-holed each of the thirty-eight. Never were men so brought face to face with the exceeding sinfulness of sin or the awful realities of eternity as are the crowds who gather in this house of God week after week.—*Social Gazette*.

# THROUGH SIN'S BREAKERS

OR SAVED JUST IN TIME!  
by Brigadier Pickering

## CHAPTER V.—THE SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY.

**M**IDNIGHT on Piccadilly is a very different thing to midnight in our comparatively peaceful Canadian cities, where the first few hours of the new day is spent in peaceful slumber by the citizens.

London's millions never wholly slumber, and at midnight the restless waves of human passions seethe and foam, engulfing in its dark, black waters the virtue, the grace, the beauty, the hopes and promise of many a once pure, sweet life, strewing the ghastly tide with human wreckage, its fragments the sport of hell's damned fiends, until their victims, caught in the whirlpool of despair, are swept over the breakers into the dark abyss of unending woe to feed the flames of eternal burnings.

But what about the devilish sycophants, who lure on to destruction these once noble lives, feeding like parasites on their purity and innocence, to gratify their lust and greed? Is there no inquisition for blood, no justice, no avenger, no retribution? Aye! Aye!! For over the wreck-strewn waters thunders the voice of an angry God: "What a man soweth that shall he also reap."

In a small room of a house of shame lay a young woman dying; the hectic flush on her cheek, the dry, hollow cough racking and tearing her wasted frame until large beads of perspiration stand out on her brow. The luxuriant tresses of her beautiful hair falling in golden wavelets round her head and over the coverlet of the bed on which she lay, form a strange contrast to the whiteness of her face.

Allured to the city in hopes of getting a good situation, and more money to gratify her vanity for dress, she had been attracted and deceived by the glittering baubles of the world—sat down to the banquet of devils, and then, flung aside by her undoer, was carried down, down, on the swift tide of impurity. Now she is dying. "No hope," the doctor said. The sands of time have almost run, and she is lying here with the rays of the setting sun fading away, her bed, towards the close of a summer day.

Scene after scene passes before her as she tosses to and fro—the days of childhood's innocence, the Sunday School, the peaceful village home, the godly father and patient mother, her last promise made on leaving home to read her Bible and pray. Alas! alas! how she has fallen—gone down—and now she is dying. No light to illumine death's dark valley—no pilot to carry her safely o'er death's chilly stream—no friend to stand by in the last struggle—no light—no hope!

Standing round her bed are her companions in sin, while leaning over the rail at the foot is the woman who has helped to drag her down—all helpless in the presence of the last enemy.

Was there no hope for her? Would not God—the merciful Judge—take pity upon her, even now? Was there no voice to plead her cause? Stretching out her hands she waited piteously: "Someone say a prayer." But no loving voice answered. Turning wildly to the hardened woman, who gazed helplessly at the awful scene, she cried: "Lucy, won't you say a prayer?" But Lucy, whose voluble tongue had once decoyed her away from chastity and righteousness, was dumb. After a violent paroxysm of coughing had subsided, she stretched out her hands again to the awe-struck group around her bed and—

Again she pleaded: "Someone pray,"  
But not a voice replied,  
They felt THEY had no right to speak  
To Christ, the Crucified.  
Then forth her blighted spirit went,  
To darkness and despair,

Leaving this echo on life's shore:  
"WILL NO ONE SAY A PRAYER?"

Will no one pray?

Yea, Lord, we pray and pray again,  
We lift our voice by night, by day,  
We plead with voice and pen.

Oh, woe! woe! woe! of woe,  
Where Satan holds the sway,  
And so-called Christians mock our God,  
And say, "These things must be."

"Must be!" Nay—let us not mock God by such horrible blasphemy—but girding on the sword of the Spirit, unite every force of righteousness and sweep this hydra-headed evil from the land.

Away with *Selfishness*, the Judas that sells purity, happiness, principle, and honor for perishing gold; *Selfishness*, that closes the pocket and refuses the help that would launch many a life-boat on this storm-lashed desolation, and succor the helpless, drifting wrecks, almost lost; *Selfishness*, that prefers ease, luxury, and refinements, and comforts of home to braving the tempest and contact with sin, woe, and degradation of the fallen!

Oh, ye professed followers of the Man of Sorrows, who climbed Golgotha's steep, bearing the world's sin and shame, that He might build a highway back to purity, peace, and God, and bridge the gulf of despair by His broken body—cast aside your lethargy.

"Must be!" Nay! Hurl back this lie to hell. Give—give your gold for their redemption; give your love, your sympathy, your service, and turn back this tide of social and moral corruption.

"SELF-DENIAL WILL PROVE YOUR LOVE FOR CHRIST!"

rang out the triumphant tones of the sainted Catherine Booth, as she swept into the presence of her Lord. She had pleaded with eloquent tenderness, and had wielded her powerful pen, until it had stirred the heart of the nation, until its statesmen turned a startled gaze on the awful moral devastation, and their slowly-moving arm of power was stretched out for better protection of England's youth: toiled on until the chariot lowered and on the crest of death's billows the conqueror was borne to her reward, but not before her mantle had fallen upon another heroine of the cross, and who, grasping the fallen warrior's sword, sprang into the breach and led on her consecrated women-warriors 'gainst the armies of hell, until thousands of rescued and emancipated lives raise loud hallelujahs from cleansed hearts for Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the Magdalene's friend.

It was midnight. Piccadilly Circus was crowded by thousands of all classes. The theatres had disgorged their huge audiences, and thus added to the vast stream of pedestrians. Fathers, sons, brothers, were there, with hats tilted forward to hide their identity from any chance acquaintance passing by, lest



THE ARMY "SISTERS" AMONG THE "SISTERS OF THE STREET" AT PICCADILLY, LONDON, AT MIDNIGHT.



their good standing (?) should be jeopardized by their being seen in association with the unfortunate creatures who pace to and fro, bartering virtue for gold. Fallen women! Aye, a sad sight—but what about fallen men, ofttimes the cause of fallen women?

To her the world points its finger of scorn, and heaps up its contumely and wrath, ostracizing her from its society until she drops by the grave, or seeks oblivion in the cold waters of the river; while man goes free, to work other ruin, but judgment will overtake him—"the mills of God grind slowly, but surely"—and grind exceedingly small, and above the reverberating crash of doom will sound the cry: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord will have them in derision."

Passing in and out amongst the groups of tawdriy dressed women are the figures of two well-known visitants in the familiar poke bonnets and uniform of blue, their pure, sweet faces, shining with the glad light of peace and compassion for their lost sisters. There is a mission of mercy and help; none are more welcome and eagerly looked for than they. In their ears are poured out tales of woe, sorrow, longings after a better life, and wailings that the chains are so strong they cannot get away. To the Rescue Sisters these poor creatures are their special flock, and in return all the love these sin-stained prodigals can bestow is lavished upon the "Sisters" who come seeking their deliverance. Woe betide any who dare offer insult to these two evangelists of mercy, whose presence brings the only breath of purity they ever breathe. Hid away and treasured is the little card handed them with loving entreaty to leave their life of sin.

#### MRS. BOOTH

*Will Gladly Help Any Girl or Woman in  
NEED OF A FRIEND.*

*Apply*

259 More Street, Hackney, N.E.,

or

79 Great Titchfield St.,  
Oxford St. W.

and come on through the open portals of the Army's Home, into a new, better, holier, and nobler life.

Amongst this vast wrong is one who, in spite of apparent hauteur of manner, assumed to prevent the pressing entreaties to "give it all up," looks at the "Sisters" as they pass in and out, and secretly cherishes the hope that they will speak to her.

Lily (for it was she) has trod the bitter path for seven long years, yearning often for the purity and innocence of her childhood's days—then goaded almost to madness with the secret memories of her ruined life, she seeks temporary relief in the fiery liquid that has been her bane, and brought her to ruin.

Lily is no stranger to the Rescue Officers. Many times have they sought to woo her to a better way, wondering what sad history lay behind the face of this erring Magdalen, whose sad expression only made more striking the still beautiful countenance on which sorrow had carved its deep lines, and the cultured voice still retains something of its refinement, in spite of the associations amongst which she has lived so long.

"It's no use, Captain," she would often say, "I am bound too fast—it's too late now."

Would all the tears and prayers prove unavailing—will the seed so often watered with tears spring up and the desert bloom and blossom as the rose?

*(To be continued.)*

A striking testimony was given recently. A comrade of the Royal Garrison Regiment said that he had all his life been the slave of drink. He had striven against it in vain. Through his conduct his father's death was hastened, his own career had been spoiled, and up to the time he came to Gibraltar he never troubled to think of salvation. He found God here in the Salvation Army, and was sworn in, with another comrade, on Sunday, October 12th, as a blood-and-fire soldier.



#### Canadian Cuttings.

Three more companies have been incorporated to operate the oil fields of western Ontario.

The trustees of the National Sanitarium, at their annual meeting, announced that they contemplated erecting a fourth sanitarium at the Pacific Coast.

Eli Hyman, who for over thirty years had been a beggar and rag-picker about the streets, died in the General Hospital, Toronto, leaving stock certificates and securities indicating that he was worth \$60,000.

The C.P.R. has ordered 500 new freight cars to be built at Sault Ste. Marie.

A handsome residence has been offered as a gift to the city of Hamilton as a Home for Incorables.

A story has been received at Ottawa that Indians raided a trader's store on the Upper Pelly River, and killed two white men.

A large meeting of temperance workers will wait on the Ontario Government, urging legislation abolishing bar-rooms, the treating system, and drinking in clubs.

A remarkable woman passed away at her home in Point St. Charles, in the person of Mrs. Esther Dunn Jones, at the age of 105 years.

An explosion of benzine took place in the Canadian Oil Refining Works, at Petrolia, burning four men, who were fighting a fire at the top of the building.

Manager Payne, of the Ontario Power Company, promises to be supplying Toronto and other points with electric power from Niagara within a year.

Marconi has succeeded. Among the messages sent across the Atlantic by his system was one from the Governor-General to the King.

Railway officials reported about 30 per cent. more passenger traffic than last year.

A deputation waited upon Premier Ross in support of prison reform.

The Mounted Police authorities do not believe the report of an Indian rising in the Yukon.

#### British Briefs.

A great deal of interest has been created in scientific circles by the despatches from Australia telling of an extraordinary red dust storm that broke over Melbourne on Nov. 12th, and which afterwards became general over New South Wales. One phenomena in connection with the storm was the falling of fireballs, which set fire to several buildings in Melbourne. At midday, on Nov. 12th, the city was in darkness, people traversing the streets with lanterns. At the same time comes the news that the Savali volcano, in Samoa, is in a violent state of eruption, and that the villages in the neighborhood are covered with ashes to a depth of two inches.

General Botha says that he is returning, with the other Boer Generals, to South Africa, in order to aid Mr. Chamberlain in his investigation.

The majority of the Irish members resumed their seats in Parliament, and voted with the Government to reject the amendment made by the House of Lords to the education bill.

The British cruiser Pallas has been ordered from Halifax to Venezuela.

The Princess of Wales gave birth to a son.

A true bill, on a charge of high treason, was returned against Colonel Lynch, who was elected M.P. for Galway.

The British steamer Marlay foundered in the Irish Channel and sixteen men were drowned.

#### International Items.

Mail advices received from Changking, in the Szechuan Province of China, report that both the cities of Meichou and Kiatingfu have

had their gates closed and a state of siege declared, owing to the numerous bodies of armed Boxers in their vicinity. Troops were sent to raise the siege of the two cities, but failed.

The notorious Parisian swindlers, the Humberts, were arrested at Madrid.

The Russian Government is spending immense sums in relief work among famine sufferers.

Germany is supporting the claims of Belgium against Venezuela, which amounts to \$1,250,000.

Later despatches say that 2,000 people were killed by the recent earthquake disturbances at Andijan, Russia.

German electrical firms are organizing gigantic combinations.

It is reported that 400,000 persons are destitute and starving in Finland as a result of the crop failure.

During the last three days 63 persons were frozen to death in Hungary.

#### U. S. Siftings.

Nearly 9,000 Boers, it is said, are preparing to "trek" to America, and will settle in Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas.

The Board of Aldermen, of New York, voted \$500,000 to buy coal for the poor of the city.

Eleven men were drowned or died from exposure as the result of a collision between two Boston schooners.

The State of Connecticut was declared free of the cattle disease.

The miners closed their case before the Coal Commission.

John D. Rockefeller has made an additional contribution of \$1,000,000 to Chicago University.

The Seattle Times says that the White Pass & Yukon Road is being transferred to the C.P.R.

One hundred and fifty thousand men employed on railways running out of Chicago have demanded increased salaries.

A bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Lodge to admit Canadian bituminous coal into the United States free of duty.

To a suggestion from President Roosevelt that the Venezuelan dispute be submitted to the Hague tribunal, Britain and Germany have answered requesting the President to act as arbitrator.

The deaths, as a result of the railway accident near Byron, Cal., number twenty-three.

It is believed that President Roosevelt will consent to act as arbitrator in the Venezuelan trouble. Meanwhile the blockade of the coast will begin.

Many angry persons in Leroy, Conn., are hunting for a benevolent-looking stranger who sold them crushed stone coated with tar for coal.

The United States has demanded of Corea the payment of \$1,500,000, due to the builders of the electric railroad.

Several deputations representing interests opposed to the Newfoundland-United States reciprocity treaty were heard by the United States Senate Committee.

The United States Supreme Court held that insurance on the life of a murderer, executed for his crime, is not payable.

#### Gibraltar.

We learn that the work of the Salvation Army in Gibraltar is progressing well. The meetings are well attended, and, in spite of opposition, have a true Salvation ring about them. Souls are being saved.

Open-air work is continued. A comrade of the Royal Garrison Regiment owes his salvation to the open-air held in Casemates Square.

Busy times are the order of the day. The Cruiser Squadron has left and the Channel Squadron has just arrived. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Pike, with their helpers, are kept going all the time.

# Indian Warfare.

*A Letter from a Canadian S. A. Missionary.*

AS I pen these lines the time is drawing nigh when I shall have celebrated my second year in India. In reviewing the past I have nothing to complain of, but everything to praise my Heavenly Father for; the true depth of the words can only be appreciated by those who are actually called to pass this way.

I have not been unfrequently asked by friends and comrades about the way we conduct our meetings in India. Well, I will try to explain this, as I know this dark mission field has a warm place in your heart.

As I told you in a previous letter, the change is so great it is more like beginning life anew than anything else I may compare it to. You will, therefore have some sympathy for me, for it is not one of the easiest tasks to throw aside your western ideas and manner of living, and to take up a new and strange language.

As one sets foot on India's shore, the first thing one imagines is that time has gone back a thousand years. It is not possible for me to take you on a tour of inspection to our Indian villages. I will, therefore, try and draw an imaginary picture.

But I must first give an account, in a small way, of what took place during the past year. I have farewelled from the Junior work, and taken the command of the Puntamba District, which is in the western part of India (Marathi Territory), and comprises seven corps and fifteen outposts. Had we the means we could open double that number, for, be it known, in these parts we are not building on any other man's foundation. I have my Headquarters in a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, wholly worshippers of idols. I being the only European in the place. This place also is counted to be very holy on account of its many temples and sacred river, which flows through its midst, where hundreds come to have their sins washed away. It has been well said: "Yatha devah, tatha bhaktah" ("As is the god, so is the worshipper"). One cannot help but feel, as they look into their countenances, that they have gone to the wrong source by turning unto dumb idols. Well might the prophet exclaim: "Eyes they have, but they see not; ears they have, but they hear not!"

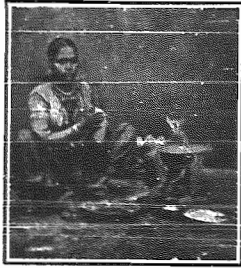
Only recently I arranged, after the conclusion of an officers' meeting, to hold an open-air meeting amongst the high caste, for, as you will know, the high and the low castes do not live together. The class of people amongst whom we are at work, and the majority of other missionaries, is called the Mahars. They live on the outskirts of the town or village, and as my work takes me amongst that class of people, I am defiled in the eyes of the high caste, who would not take a bottle of water from my hand, neither could I drink from one of their vessels, therefore I must carry my own drinking cup. It was on a beautiful Friday evening, when as the sun was about setting, we went into the village to hold our meeting. We commenced by singing that inspiring song: "Jva orabu veshu jva jva trathi" ("Conquering Lord Jesus, conquering, conquering Saviour"). It was not long till we had the whole village of Brahmins and Marathis around us. For about a half of an hour we had the best of attention: suddenly there was a great shout went up from the crowd—"Your God is in the mahar wadi: go to Him!" With the howling and yelling from the angry mob, it was impossible to do anything but stand still and wait upon God to calm the storm. He did not fail us. They did their best to make us retreat, by throwing stones and refuse at us. The Lord enabled us to possess our souls in patience in the hour of provocation. I think our example in that hour must have been a great object-lesson to our persecutors. My mind was carried back to that howling mob who cried: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!"

You will now accompany me on one of my monthly tours in the villages. Let me tell you, in the first place, you need not be surprised if everything does not come up to your standard

or manner of thinking. We are now in India, and shall endeavor as far as consistent, to cast the mantle of charity over what we see or hear.

"Cadet Ananda, I have a few things to say to you. To-morrow morning it is my wish to take a trip through the Puntamba District. I would like you to help me to make all arrangements, for it will be necessary for us to get an early start. As we have our own ox and cart we can start when we choose."

"All right, Ensign, everything will be ready."



A High Caste Indian Women Preparing Bread.

We all slept well the preceding night, as we had no sins to confess. The following morning we proceeded to the village of Wari, where we were met by the officer. After a little lapse of time I examine the day-school. Some of the boys are in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd books, and are also in line with their other studies. They sang some good songs, in their own characteristic style, which is the best known to the children of India.

Some may wonder if we have buildings in all the villages where we are at work. No, friend, we have not; if the Lord puts it in your heart to help us in this work, I shall be glad of your assistance. Where we have no buildings of our own, we hold our meetings and school in what they call the *chowrie*. In every village they have these rest houses, where the people generally stay when they are traveling, when tired or night overtakes them. In India we have no hotels such as we have at home, unless it is in the large cities. The people carry their own beds and cooking utensils, so they are at home where night overtakes them. Sometimes there are two or three such houses in the villages. It is such places we utilize for school and meeting-house.

Could you come in and see our India school children some day, you might see me squatted on the floor examining the different classes. The children behave very well. Of course, they have not all the clothes and trimmings which we have been accustomed to, poor things; some are clothed very scantily. I often wish it was my lot to help them under such circumstances. Occasionally there are one or two who are inclined to be a little mischievous, but it only takes one look of the Ensign's eye to calm the storm. We generally conclude our school with prayer and song. When it is time for our midday meal, I wash and get ready, for it is customary in India before taking your victuals (no matter how clean you may be) to wash your hands, especially amongst the

high caste, who would be defiled if this rule were not complied with.

"What do you get to eat in India, anyway? Rice and curry?" I imagine I hear someone say.

No, it is not my happy fortune to participate in such high dishes when in the villages, unless I go to much expense and trouble. I am generally satisfied with some rice and milk, or baggery bread, which is the chief diet for the majority of Indian people. I am becoming quite a vegetarian. Since coming to the District I have not seen meat, nor is it possible to get it; I confess I do not feel any the worse for its abandonment. Dinner is ready. Follow me; we enter the officer's hut. There is much smoke in the dining room, but what else can you expect when there are no chimneys to the houses; the exit for the smoke is by the door. We content ourselves with the thought it is for a short time only. Few words are exchanged among us, for all are engaged.

As there are a few officers present from the surrounding corps, I shall have an officers' meeting. These little gatherings are of great importance in this land. A man's preaching ability does not count for much in India; he has to take the place of an instructor; it is teach and explain. This afternoon we are going to spend some little time in the study of the S. A. Directory, No. 2, compiled by the General. It furnishes all the subjects we need to talk about.

We commence our evening service after the officer has been around to all the huts and aroused the people up for meeting. At times we are lost for words to express what we should like; it is not possible to make the story too simple to the people. It is here where I would like to have a lantern. Would some kind friend come to my help in this petition? I am believing. Sometimes we sit and preach to the people, as the numbers are few, it may be two or three, as very often the people are in the fields at work. As to the hours we have meetings it matters but little, as in most of the villages the people are always ready, unless it is at the time of harvest.

It is now time to retire for rest. We have not far to go for our bed-room. Spread out your bed and commit your all to your Heavenly Father. It will be wise to keep the lamp burning a little on account of the scorpions which may be traveling to and fro, or perhaps a stray rat, one of which bit me on the lip on one occasion. It is very seldom I sleep indoors if I can help myself, for I find it is of much benefit to my health to sleep outside.

In conclusion, I might say this year we have much to thank our Heavenly Father for. Over most of the country abundance of rain has fallen, which will make it easier for India's oppressed millions. When I was collecting for Self-Denial my heart was gladdened as I beheld the rich fields of silvery grain.

Comrades, let us pray for India's salvation. Day by day the seed is taking root; in this dark land the Lord will have a name for Himself. May you all enjoy a happy Christmas and a useful New Year, this is my prayer. Salaams. Yours affectionately,—Ensign Rajputra (Lewis).



River Scene, Oeylen.

# THE SOLDIERS' SECTION



## DAILY READINGS.



### SUNDAY.

"If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed: but let him glorify God on this behalf."—1 PETER IV. 16.

What a large number of people we meet who are ever telling us how hard their cross is to bear, and how much suffering they have to endure for Jesus sake. How much better it would be if, instead of all this sighing, they would glory in the cross of Christ. If we have to endure hardship for His sake, let us count it a privilege that we are permitted, for a season at least, to tread the thorny path He has trod before, and that we are counted worthy to make a little sacrifice, which will be the best possible expression of our genuine love for Christ.

### MONDAY.

"For do I now persuade men, or God? or do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ."—GAL. I. 10.

A young pastor in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultured congregation. He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise itinerant, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Professor A—, teacher in the sciences, right before me. If I use an illustration in Roman mythology, then there is Professor B—, ready to trip me up for any little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am cowed by the presence of the learned man who teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:  
"Do not be discouraged. Preach the simple Gospel; they probably know very little of that."

### TUESDAY.

"If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself."—2 TIM. II. 13.

Martin Luther, looking out of his window one summer evening, saw, on the tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy toilet for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of the twig, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

### WEDNESDAY.

"Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."—LUKE XI. 28.

In a certain corps, one night, a Norwegian came to the perit form. His knowledge of English was very small, but the officers dealt with him and he got saved. The Captain urged him to fetch his companions who were sitting in the hall. He did so, and brought eleven big fellows, not one of whom could speak a word of English, but he dealt with them and got them saved. Soon afterwards their ship left the port, and no more was heard of them till some time afterwards, when the same sailor, wearing an Army jersey, came into the meeting and shook the Captain by the hand. The Captain asked how his companions were getting on, and was delighted to hear that all but one were still saved, and had joined the Salvation Army in their own country. This was certainly very cheering. It was very difficult for these dear Norwegians to understand what was said to them, but they knew enough to realize that they were sinners, and that Jesus could save them if they would but repent and come to Him. "We may not know much, but it is enough to know Jesus saves us here and now. These men were sailors surrounded by temptation, but they kept saved. God kept them, and He will keep us in spite of godless surroundings. He is able.

### THURSDAY.

"For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."—GAL. VI. 8.

I remember reading of a king who wanted his court physician to suggest to him some means by which he could torture his enemies. The doctor suggested a cage of such a shape and size that the man put into it could neither stand up nor lie down straight, and the first man with whom the king became offended was the physician who suggested the cage, and he had that man put into it, and kept there some years. It did not take long to drop that tare into the field, but it took him a good long time to reap it. If you sow tares you will have a plentiful crop. A thistle seed, it is said, will reproduce itself 25,000 times—just one seed. So, many a time men have committed acts the consequence of which it has taken them years to reap.

### FRIDAY.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER V. 7.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. In a world where everything is doubtful, where you may be disappointed, and blessed in disappointment—what mean restless stir and commotion of mind? Can your solicitude alter the cause or unravel the intricacy of human events? Can your curiosity pierce through the cloud which the Supreme Being hath made impenetrable to mortal eye? To provide against every important danger, by the employment of the most promising means, is the office of wisdom: but at this point wisdom stops.

### SATURDAY.

"And immediately the angel of God smote him, because he gave not God the glory."—ACTS XII. 23.

A good man wrote these words in his diary: "There are works which, by God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; but above all, let me mind my own personal work, keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing, laboring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." The words, "not anxious that it" (the will and the work of God) "should be done by me rather than by others" are particularly deserving of consideration by Salvationists, for there is oftentimes self-considerations even in our own people, which makes them unable to co-operate with those who are in higher positions. In these people self is too prominent. They want the chief seats in the synagogues, and are never content to be only door-keepers in the house of the Lord. They have yet to learn that with God the rank of the work and of the workers is nothing, but only the spirit in which it is done, that in His Army the gallant private who does his duty is not less honorable than the field-marshal.

## Evolution of the Salvation Army.

CANADA.—(Continued.)

With all the fervor and excitement of a new attack we were, the first few years, after all, but a small and insignificant people, who, if written up could hardly hope to find a place in any gazetteer, but after the first decade no gazetteer would have been complete without a very ample mention of the work of the Salvation Army.

In '92 the United Harvest Festival was first inaugurated in the Territory. Very little time was possible for announcement, and yet a very wonderful result was achieved. Apart altogether from the spiritual results, \$3,063 was

raised by this effort at an expense of \$107—a maximum of result with a minimum of cost. But even this was a small beginning when it is compared with the amount raised last year—\$19,482.67.

Another event of note happened in '92. Brigadier Read, who had ably edited the Canadian War Cry for several years, was appointed to the command of Newfoundland. Our dear comrade has since been glorified, and now sings the songs of Zion in a fairer world.

Another matter

### OF NO SLIGHT INTEREST

was the marriage of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, the present Editor-in-Chief of the Canadian War Cry, and that of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Provincial Officer for the Eastern Province. It seems singular that, ten years later, these two officers should both be promoted to so high a rank and be filling such important positions.

But we are yielding to an ever-present desire to go into details, and, as interesting as they might be, we have not the space or the time to dwell too long upon them.

Ten years had seen

### A MARKED IMPROVEMENT

in all branches of Salvation Army warfare. Not only from a spiritual aspect was the advance most gratifying, but the Men's and Women's Social Work has been started in intervening years, and has reached a unique position of development. "Perhaps there is no work in the Salvation Army that is so much known throughout the world, and no work which appeals more to all than

### THE RESCUE AND SOCIAL OPERATIONS.

Here it is common for friend and foe alike to sink their differences, and unite in recognizing the good work that is done, with exceptions, of course, as we suppose there always will be.

As previously explained, the Rescue Work is a world-wide institution. Although not exactly part of the more regular spiritual work of the Army, it is, nevertheless, carried on in conjunction with it in every quarter of the globe.

For the benefit of those less acquainted with this branch of the Army's work, we quote a case reported recently in the Social Gazette:

"A few nights ago our Midnight Rescue Officers came across a young girl who was in very great distress. She had foolishly left her situation, and when met by our officers was without money, and knew not where to go to spend the night in safety. Those who are familiar with the streets of London will know that

### THE GIRL'S FLIGHT WAS ONE OF GREAT PERIL.

However, the officers took her to the Midnight Rescue Post, and next day sent her to the Headquarters of our Women's Social Work. It was then discovered that the girl's widowed mother had been a housekeeper for a number of years in a London family, and was a most respectable woman. She was at first communicated with, and the mother's gratitude when her wayward child was again presented to her was most touching. A few days later she forwarded to the officers a substantial donation, as a mark of her appreciation of the timely aid rendered her daughter, who, but for their kind intervention, might have entered a whirlpool of sin and sorrow."

In Canada we had, in '92, six Rescue Homes, which were highly endorsed by many of the leading citizens of Canada, and secured for the Army wide-spread sympathy and help.

In 1902 there are no less than sixteen Homes and Hospitals of various kinds in this Territory, ten Homes in advance of what we had ten years ago. Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read is the officers responsible to the Commissioner for this highly commendable branch of the Army's work, and has as her chief assistant Major Stewart, besides a total staff of sixty-eight officers altogether employed in the work.

## WOMEN'S SOCIAL DEPARTMENT.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

## OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

Ensign Crocker, in a little personal note to me, gives a pretty glimpse into her work among the little ones in the "Evangeline Home." She says: "I would like to tell you something very bright and cheery. Last Saturday a little tot, a baby-girl eighteen months old, came into our Home. A very tiny thing she is, has always called me 'Mamma.' This evening, at prayer-time, she sat on my knee while we were singing. I opened my eyes to see her, and she was looking so earnestly in my face, trying her very best to sing, and several times to-day I heard her singing at her play. These tiny things cheer me very much and make life sweet."

## A BUTTE FRIEND.

A friend of our work in Butte, signing himself, "Montana Sunlight," sends me the following: "The Matron of the Butte Rescue Home has made an appeal to the public for financial assistance. During its existence, the Home has done exemplary work, its beneficiaries being numbered by dozens. The Home is non-sectarian, its object being to assist fallen women, and especially little children whose parents have deserted them. The institution is conducted by Christian women who give their time and services gratuitously, which is a strong evidence in support of their sincerity and good will. The Home is well spoken of, and is said to be a model institution, one of its late beneficiaries being a young girl seventeen years old, whom the Matron has returned to her mother in Helena. The girl had been spirited away from home by a U. S. soldier, who promised to marry her, but instead of doing so he betrayed and deserted her."

## MONTREAL MEETING.

A bright letter to hand informs me: "Dear Mrs. Read.—We had a glad and happy time last Thursday evening, when Brigadier and Mrs. Turner came to hold a meeting in the Rescue Home. At the close of the opening hymn Brigadier Turner called upon our beloved Staff-Captain to speak a few encouraging words to the girls, which it is needless to say she did with much earnestness. The Staff-Captain's heart must have swelled with gratitude to God when so many girls stood to their feet to testify as having proved the love and mercy of Jesus Christ, and she must have thanked God for having made her the instrument of bringing so many to Him. Among the features of the evening were two duets, sung by two of the inmates of the Home, entitled, "Come unto Me, ye weary," and "Moment by moment," the words of which were very beautiful. The Brigadier then spoke of the "Waters of Life." All the girls who had not yet found rest and peace signified that they wished to be prayed for by raising their hands. Mrs. Turner then prayed for the girls who had thus expressed themselves, and the meeting came to a close.

"Now, dear Mrs. Read, I beg to give my testimony. I came to the Home a few months ago, a wretched sinner. But through the Salvation Army I found a saving grace and power, which, thank God, to-day lives in my heart and soul."

## LEAGUE OF MERCY NOTE.

Mrs. Quaire, of Huntsville, writes: "The patients in the hospital receive us gladly and listen to us read the Word to them. At this time of the year so many are there with broken limbs. They stay so many weeks, and thus we have time to impress upon them the need of salvation, and the wondrous love of God manifested in our behalf on Calvary. Two or three of the sisters have been with me. Last Friday Capt. Rennie went, and to-day Mrs. Jones."

## THE PRESS.

The press of this country has for some years been a strong ally to our work, and helped us to keep the needs before the public.

The *Anaconda Standard*, in a lengthy article

referring to our work in Butte, says in part: "The Salvation Army established a Rescue Home in Butte about three years ago. The Rescue work of the Army is a separate branch from the general field work of redeeming souls and bringing men and women to the altar where the Gospel is preached, and where the refining influences of Christianity inspire men to lead better lives. The Rescue work is entirely in the women's hands, and the branch has become a powerful factor in the Army work. Mrs. Read, the international superintendent of the work, was in this city a year ago, and Staff-Capt. Jost was here last spring, and both of these ministering angels complimented the local staff upon their very excellent work in this field."

"The Home was a large, comfortable house of fourteen rooms, with two bath-rooms and furnace-room. It is a most desirable location and withal a very cosy-looking Home. It is moderately and neatly furnished, and the attendants keep the rooms as clean and tidy as labor and consideration can make them. Indeed, the good women in charge devote their entire time to the consideration of their wards."

"There are eight little children in the Home, some of whom have no mother, while most of them are there temporarily pending the search for work by their unfortunate mothers."

"The Home is wide open. The fallen woman, the woman who cannot secure work, are all welcome. The Home is conducted on purely Christian principles—the needy and the weary, the lame and weak are welcome there, for it is their haven provided by the Salvation Rescue board."

"A reporter for the Standard was shown



Staff-Capt. Holman and Officers of "The Homestead," St. John, N. B.

through the Home by Capt. Earle, and in five little cots, clean and tidily tucked under snow-white coverlets, were babies nestling in sleep, all healthy and as comfortable as it was possible to make them. They could not have been more comfortable in marble castles with attendants at every corner of the crib. Little boys and girls ranging in ages from two to six or seven years were playing about the nursery, seemingly in the full enjoyment of good health. In the work-rooms were women doing laundry and mending, while the big kitchen range sent out a delightful odor of good things cooking, and the warmth of the place was like summer."

## HALIFAX NEWSPAPERS.

I take pleasure in quoting from one of the many articles which have appeared recently in the Halifax papers. In a very interesting and touching article referring to the sad death of an unfortunate woman by suicide, the *Evening Mail* says in part:

"Frequenters of our Police Court, on days when women are to be prosecuted, are accustomed to see a demure little woman with a face full of benevolence, and in the uniform of the Salvation Army. She is one of that noble Army of 'little sisters' which, all over the world, have, by a quietly, persistent sowing of good deeds to

## The Fallen and the Friendless,

won the respect of all classes for the mighty organization to which she belongs. The worst people have a genuine respect for whatever in effort is absolutely unselfish, and the work of these who give themselves over to the work of helping the friendless at the cost of all personal inclination and without remuneration, is so obviously disinterested that even those who 'sit

in the seat of the scornful,' when the more conventional methods of the churches are under discussion, speak with genuine respect for the Salvation Army, and there is no place in this city where its unpretentious and

## Noble 'Little Sisters'

may not go and be assured of an attentive and respectful, as well as a more or less sympathetic, welcome. However, to return to the Police Court and to the work which, under the direction of Mrs. (Ensign) Payne, Matron of the Salvation Army Refuge, at 71 Windsor Street, is being done here to save women from self-destruction. In the first place, the Army goes straight for the individual.

"Those associated with her in the management of the house, which has quite the air of a cozy, cheery,

## Well-Ordered Home,

and not a suggestion of the 'charitable institution,' are Capt. Price, the capable and an iring trained nurse; Capt. Thomas, who has charge of the nursery and laundry, and Lieut. Ellery, who superintends the very important details of the kitchen. Oh, it is scarcely possible, one could hear the little tots in the nursery (eighteen of them) sing their sweet baby songs without being touched into sympathy anew with the awful tragedy of suffering of which they are the outward visible sign—for all are illegitimate.

"The old saw of the world that does not take the pains to know what it is talking about, that 'there is no salvation for a bad woman,' the Adjutant is able, happily to refute. There has been but one unsatisfactory case in the last eight months, and the Adjutant tells of numbers of cases where

## Happy Marriages Have Followed

the year's seclusion at the Refuge. Of the lines on which the Refuge is conducted it is not possible to speak too highly, and it must be borne in mind that the girls are kept for a period of nine months, or a year in cases where they have no friends, so that there is a heavy drain on the Army's funds, and the contributions of any person who is in sympathy with the work would be most welcome. What is it Mrs. Browning so beautifully says?

'We must be here to work, \* \* \* And not to work in vain, must comprehend humanity \* \* \* And raise men's bodies still by raising souls, as God did first, \* \* \* But stand upon the earth I said, to raise them—(this is human, too). There's nothing high which has not first been low, My humbleness, said One, has made me great.

The man most man, with tenderest human hands Works best for men—as God in Nazareth."

## Discontent.

The wretched discontent which makes some people so miserable themselves, and such destroyers of happiness in others is only the natural result of the habit of discontent indulged through years. Anyone who is conscious of such a misanthropic disposition should be so ashamed of it that he will at once set about conquering it, and transforming his gloomy spirit into one of happiness and joy. God help us in all such efforts to do His will and to grow into the grace and beauty of Christ. Let us all determine with God's help to learn the lesson of joy.

Our gains depend not on what we can get, but on what we can give.

The world has only begun to see that no country is great, and no cause just, that does not help on the world's happiness and the world's good.



## The War Cry.

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## THE GENERAL IN COUNCIL

With His Officers from Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

Some of the officers have traveled as far as two thousand miles to be present. A great many of them fight against great odds, in out-of-the-way places; they seldom, if ever, see a Special, for many of their corps are too far apart to have united goes. Can it be wondered at that these comrades turned their faces towards Kansas City with longing eyes, high expectations, and mighty faith that God was coming out of His way to do for them such things as would fit them for the battles to come and give them new courage for the fight?

They were not disappointed; God was present, they felt Him in their song, in every prayer, and in the blessed influences that pervade the council chamber. He spread a table of rich things. It was indeed a banqueting hall, the chamber of the King, the royal apartment of Jehovah, an upper room, days of Pentecost, and the coming of the Holy Ghost.

The General was indeed at his best, and the officers felt ready and willing to follow him to death. As the following will show, the General's talks were amongst the most practical I have ever heard.

"Why does not the Christian world, why don't the churches, sweep multitudes into the light and deliverance of the Gospel? Why don't the forces of hell tremble before us? Why don't the walls of darkness fall down at our feet? As a rule, it is because Christians do not aim at it, they do not make it their object, they neither believe for it nor expect it. They make no intelligent or consecutive effort to bring it about. What wonder, then, that nothing particular happens."

And another time, when speaking of the importance of energy, the General added:

"Life is an advertisement as well as an aggressive force. What we want is live meetings, live singing, live praying, live testimonies, and, in short, men and women alive with a passionate love and determination in behalf of perishing souls."

"The miserable, and sorrowful, and useless, and aimless all around you are longing after interest, and excitement, and happiness; open your arms and doors and gather them in."

"It is the desperate, daring, determined man who carries the day. Power to do difficult things generally comes in the doing of it."

And again, when talking of the necessity of keeping the most important duties to the front, the General said:

"Ability to select your work according to its proportionate importance is one of the essentials of a successful career."

And how encouraging were his words on saving the multitudes, even in small numbers—

"One by one is the great plan," he cried. "It is God's plan of peopling the earth, and it seems very largely His way of peopling the Kingdom of Heaven both here and hereafter. Go for the people around you, in your meetings, in your homes, and in your various departments and circles of life and work. One by one, personal dealing, the bayonet charge, is a mighty lever in influencing mankind for heaven."

The above are just a few scraps from nearly fourteen hours' holy talk, fatherly advice, leader-like counsel from his great brain and heart. It seemed to me that every sentence formed a step that led us nearer the altar. And on and on we went, step by step we climbed, until that entire council was at the command of God, and His Representative, the General, to go, if necessary, to the uttermost parts of the earth.

We were not only able to sing, "We are waiting for the fire," but, with raised hands, closed eyes, fixed faith, clean hearts, and clear conscience, we were able to sing, "Hallelujah, 'tis done!"

Brigadier Addie was asked to speak for and on behalf of the council. He evidently preferred to voice his feelings in song, and gave us the following characteristic solo, the chorus of which was taken up with a rousing ring that would have done justice to any gathering of Staff and Field the world over.

## "BLESSING ON THE GOOD, GREY HEAD WHICH ALL MEN KNOW."

Tune.—*Lily of the Valley.*

The people love our General in every land and clime,

All the nations now his honored name adore,  
They give him loving greetings and welcomes all the time,

For the wide, wide world's his parish more and more;

Now Fair Columbia once again extends her welcome hand—

In recognizing worth she's never slow.

She's tried and proved the Army and says its work is grand—

Blessings on the good, grey head which all men know.

Chorus.

He's our father and our General, we love him more and more,

Where'er he sends us we will gladly go;  
May Heaven let him lead us for many years to come—

Blessings on the good, grey head which all men know.

Our founder and our General, our father and our friend,

'Tis your noble Army greets you here to-day;  
May Heaven's richest blessings all your labors here attend,

"God grant you many souls," your soldiers pray.

Our faith in God is rising, our hearts are all on fire,

Your presence signals heavenly gales to blow;  
Your never-tiring efforts do our holy hearts inspire—

Blessings on the good, grey head which all men know.

Your life, so like your Master's, has been spent in doing good,

Eternal truths you've ceased not to declare,  
'Gainst sin and all iniquity for righteousness you've stood,

And where needed most you've sent your Army there.

To bless and help the helpless, to feed and clothe the poor,

Exchanging joy for sorrow, weal for woe,  
For all the ills that earth contains, prescribing heaven's cure—

Blessings on the good, grey head which all men know.

And as if to fix the whole council in a grand, united frame, the Consul rose and voiced the feelings of that devoted crowd, first by thanking the General for his wonderful words of help, inspiration, and encouragement; and, second, by promising him that henceforth seeking the lost, saving souls, adding to the Kingdom, making soldiers, keeping the flag high, in faith for the worst, should be the business of their every hour and of their every day.

If officers' eyes, officers' faces, officers' smiles, officers' shouts are an index of the heart, of gratitude, of loyalty, of affection, and an indication as to what officers are making up their minds to do, then the results following the Kansas City councils will far out-reach anything that has gone before in this part of the wide field.—John Lawley.

Brigadier Sharp at Moncton.

(By Wire.)

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's visit to this District centre, Moncton, for the week-end, has been a grand success. Hall was packed Saturday night and Sunday. The soldiers turned out in full force. Best record all round for years.

Fought the battle to the finish; result, eight souls for pardon. Income good. Adj. and Mrs. Cave have things well in hand. They, with the help of soldiers and friends, have nicely furnished the officers' quarters. Everything is on the upgrade.—Visitor.

## ✻ Editorials. ✻

## Christmas Dinners.

We note with satisfaction an improvement in the way of providing dinners at Christmas to the deserving poor of our cities. The old method of giving a prepared meal to adults in a large hall has several objectional features, which are removed by the plan generally adopted this season of supplying ample material for a family dinner in baskets delivered at the homes of the needy people. This method gives the persons who receive the basket the full benefit of the donations received for this purpose, and also promotes the family and home idea. Dinners for children, however, are desirable, and have their own advantages.

We have not yet received news from many of the places which provide Christmas cheer for the poor, but we have reason to believe that throughout the Territory efforts of this description have been made on a larger scale than ever.

## The Ruling Vice.

The ruling vice of humanity, and the great obstacle to the advance of holy living, is selfishness. Any measure that will help to draw people out of their own little circle of interest, and will help them to exercise generosity, sympathy and self-denial, should be welcomed. It is right, therefore, that we should continue to point out the shadows of society to those who are indifferent to, or ignorant of, the condition of the poor, the suffering, and the vicious classes. Recently a few public journals have cried out: "Don't say so much about these things, they will bring our city and our country in bad repute." Such a sentiment is wrong, and strange from representatives of the press, which is supposed to enlighten the public on all existing evil conditions in order to arouse that interest and indignation which will work out means and ways of at least alleviating suffering where it is impossible to remove the cause of it. May we, during 1903, more than ever turn our thoughts, and schemes, and affections, and efforts towards the lowest and most needy classes of humanity, to befriend and bless them.

## The Yokohama N. and M. Home.

At the annual meeting of the Yokohama Charity Organization, Japan, special mention was made of the work done by our Naval and Military Home. The place where the Home is situated in Yokohama was formerly called "Blood Town," and had a very bad reputation. But the Home has helped to change the character of the locality. Practically, all the relief of this organization to destitute persons is distributed through Staff-Capt. Ellis, and the committee were very grateful for our help, without which they would not have been able to make such effective use of their funds.



## Lieut.-Col. Pugmire's Winnipeg Campaign.

*Cyclones of Salvation—Outpourings of God's Spirit—Great Awakenings—Wonderful Cases of Conversion—The City Aroused—57 Seekers at the Mercy Seat—Finances Superb—A Magnificent Finish—Over 50 Soldiers and Recruits Enrolled.*

THE announcement made in the General's meetings that the Colonel had been deputed to stay behind and follow up the General's campaign was received with intense delight by everyone. That the Colonel has worthily fulfilled his mission is conceded by all. Notwithstanding the cold snap, the thermometer dropping as low as 35 below zero, the crowds were tremendous, the citadel being gorged on several occasions. The interest increased as the meetings went on until the climax was reached in that wonderful spectacle that was presented by the magnificent enrolment on the last night.

### THE COLONEL'S ADDRESSES

were of the most heart-searching character, and from start to finish the Holy Ghost power was demonstrated in a remarkable manner. Space forbids going into details, but we have it from the oldest and most prominent soldiers that the meetings ranked, without doubt, amongst the best ever held in the history of the corps. The effect has been far-reaching, and will doubtless revolutionize the lives of that vast crowd who publicly announced their determination to go all lengths in the interests of dying souls.

The Colonel's solos were very effective, and the audiences were not slow to show their appreciation of the same. Capt. Gillam gave the Colonel a good lift in several meetings, and their duets were sung with such expression that many were bathed in tears.

### SOME REMARKABLE CASES OF CONVERSION

were recorded. One brother, who had done some good service in Ontario, but who had left his God-appointed path, got gloriously free. Another walked four miles from the country, for the express purpose of getting saved. And still another, who proved the genuineness of his conversion by walking into the C. P. R. Ticket Office next day and refunding a sum of money which he claimed he had defrauded the company of—stating at the same time that he had got converted in Colonel Pugmire's meetings, and that he had come to make restitution. Needless to say he is doing well.

The Colonel spent considerable time

### WITH THE JUNIORS

on Sunday afternoon. He addressed the children and encouraged the J. S. workers. It is needless to say that his recognition and timely words were much appreciated. The Colonel was delighted with what he saw of the Junior work in Winnipeg, and was much impressed with the splendid possibilities in this direction.

### THE JAIL MEETINGS

were managed to be crowded into the already over-charged program, and Adj. McRae, who was appointed to assist the Colonel during his stay in Winnipeg, reports excellent meetings.

The Colonel's Thursday meeting was a real treat, and his "100,000 Miles by Land and Sea," was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The enrolment of over fifty of the converts (including those of the General's meetings) was a heart-stirring sight. The citadel was filled with an expectant crowd, and it proved to be a bright, inspiring meeting all through.

Brigadier Southall spoke of the Colonel's visit and assured him how much

### IT HAD BEEN APPRECIATED,

and the good that had been accomplished by the same. Ensign Slotte represented the corps and referred in the kindest manner to the Colonel's visit, and expressed the sentiments

of the corps when he said that they were delighted beyond measure, and the splendid results achieved would lift the corps on a higher ground than it had ever stood on. Adj. McRae, whom the Colonel jocularly remarked was "a lone man in the world," followed with a few words with regard to the blessing the meetings had been and the splendid results he had found while visiting the converts.

The Chancellor then spoke on behalf of the Province and officers, and said that the Colonel's untiring efforts in the interests of dying souls was

### A MIGHTY IMPETUS TO THE OFFICERS.

The speaker referred to the effect the campaign would have upon the whole Province, and regretted it was not in the Colonel's power to stay for a prolonged period, and thus give the outside places the benefit of his splendid services. The Staff-Captain concluded by assuring the Colonel that the love and prayers of the North-West troops and officers would follow him.

The meeting closed with the public

### ENROLMENT OF OVER FIFTY CONVERTS,

who crowded the platform, and who in a most impressive manner, took their stand beneath the blood-and-fire flag. The Colonel's closing remarks and prayer will linger long with us. The singing of "God be with you" closed one of the mightiest efforts for souls in the history of the corps.

The Colonel left next day for Toronto, highly pleased and delighted with his Winnipeg campaign. Long may he live!—Enthusiast.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN MANTON IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

This is my first visit to this interesting Island. I left Toronto on Sunday night, and had a good sleep until I arrived at Montreal at 7 a.m. Monday. There the cheery face of my beloved comrade, Brigadier Turner, was smiling at me. He at once transferred my baggage to St. John's, Nfld., and myself to the Brigadier's home, where I was welcomed smilingly by Mrs. Turner. Every courtesy was shown me by the Brigadier, who spared no pains to make my journey pleasant and comfortable.

At noon I took train for Newfoundland, changing at Truro, N.S., a distance from Montreal of seven hundred and seventy-five miles, without a break. Arriving at North Sydney at midnight on Tuesday, I was met by Captain Parsons, who took my satchels and saw me on board the S.S. Bruce. It is a very nice steamer. Having been shown to my state-room I turned in and in a few minutes I was sound asleep, and knew nothing till someone came to my door and called out: "We shall be in Port aux Basques in half an hour, sir."

To pass the customs was a very small matter and did not take long, for the band on my hat seemed to say, "All right." In a few minutes I was on another train for a journey of five hundred and forty-eight miles.

My impressions passing along was at first that the country is a bleak, barren land. The Island is not an agricultural country, but fish is the fruit that is gathered. I also had the impression that there was something more than rock, namely, unbounded wealth in mineral, and at some not-very-distant day it will astonish the world with its copper and iron output.

I arrived at St. John's about 2 p.m. on Thursday. Two dear old faces were waiting at the station to welcome me—Brigadier Smeeton and Staff-Capt. McGillivray.

♦ ♦ ♦

The first meeting I attended was a wedding at St. John's No. 1. Adj. Snow and Lieut. White were the happy couple. The meeting was crowded, and led by the Brigadier. Of course I had to say something nice, and we had a real happy time. After the meeting a select few retired to the Shelter, where a very beautiful supper was provided.

### AT ST. JOHN'S I

Number one corps is simply beautiful. It is a typical old-time corps with soldiers full of fire, and you feel it the moment you come amongst them.

We had a grand time on the Sunday afternoon. The place was jammed, notwithstanding that it was pouring rain. You did not need to ask the soldiers to testify, for they were on their feet like a shot. Did you ask, Did I dance? Why, I was pulled off my feet; it made a fellow feel as light as a feather. The Brigadier led the meetings all day. Our dear old friends, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ayre, were all there.

The evening meeting was something grand. It was one of those seasons when one's heart is in his mouth. It was like heaven let loose. Ten precious souls came out for salvation, and we went home about 11 p.m. thoroughly tired, but extremely happy. Our prayer is, "Lord, give us more such meetings."—Staff-Captain Manton.

## Territorial Newslets.

The Headquarters Staff Band, under the direction of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, visited the Toronto Asylum on Thursday last, to give a little pleasure, with their music, to the inmates of that institution.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire has returned all smiles from Winnipeg, where he has been conducting a special revival campaign. The Colonel informed us that fifty-seven came to the mercy seat, and on the last night of his stay he enrolled fifty soldiers.

Names of the poor continue to pour in for the Christmas baskets. When we see some of the pinched faces we think we can understand why it is better to give than to receive.

Staff-Capt. Manton is having splendid times in Newfoundland.

A great field change has just taken place in Newfoundland.

In spite of the rain, Brigadier Pickering and the Provincial Staff had a good day at the Temple on Sunday. The meetings were well attended and four souls came to the mercy seat.

We learn that in November the Eastern Province made good progress. It was the greatest soul-saving month ever known in that part of the Territory.

During the last twenty months there have been eight new corps opened in Newfoundland.

Everything is well in hand at the Temple corps for a grand Christmas Demonstration. Adj. Barr is brim full of new ideas, and Ensign A. Morris and Capt. W. Peacock are coming nobly to his assistance with an excellent program for the Juniors.

The Christmas edition of the War Cry and Young Soldier weighed about eight tons. As will be imagined, the postage paid to ship this huge pile of Cry's was no small item, and Capt. Stolliker, the shipper, complains of sore fingers, as a result of tying up so many parcels.

The ward system has been started on Wednesday nights, at the Temple, with encouraging success. Thus far the meetings have been conducted by Mrs. Adj. Barr, Capt. Rose, and Staff-Capt. F. Morris. Still greater things are expected after Christmas. As it is, the total attendance at the meeting on Wednesday night has been substantially increased, and no small amount of good done.

## Montreal Distributes Dinner Basket.

(By Wire.)

The first of the four special demonstrations arranged by Brigadier Turner, in the interest of Montreal's poor, was held to-night, and proved to be a magnificent success. Barracks crowded, mostly with mothers. Addresses, songs, and testimonies by the Brigadier and his staff, were heartily received, also the lantern service by Ensign Poole. Brother Gnaedinger, a most liberal supporter of these efforts, cheered us with his presence.

At the close two hundred baskets, containing sufficient provisions for over two thousand persons, were distributed. Many were the mutual congratulations between giver and receiver.

Citizens most sympathetic and responding liberally. Enthusiasm high for future engagements.—D. L. Creighton.



[illegible]



# THE ARMY

## ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE



### Great Britain.

The General has decided upon an important departure in the administration of our work in three continental countries, namely, France, Italy and Belgium. These nations, belonging as they do to the Latin race, and being in close relationship to each other by other affinities, as well as in habits and commerce, it has been decided to unite them under one central direction at Paris. The General has appointed Commissioner Cosandey, who has fought a brave and successful fight in Holland for five years, to this command. The departure will have many advantages, not the least being economy of management. Lieut.-Colonel Peyron, an officer of large experience, is appointed as Chief Secretary to Commissioner Cosandey. Lieut.-Colonel Minnie Reid and Brigadier Malan will remain on as the Provincial Commanders, under Commissioner Cosandey, for Italy and Belgium respectively.

We are glad to inform our readers that Colonel Estill has been promoted to the rank of Commissioner, and will succeed Commissioner Cosandey in the command of Holland. Commissioner Estill, who has been recently brought prominently before our readers, will not take up his work without the advantage of experience of previous Territorial leadership. Besides his successful career as Chief Officer in New Zealand and New South Wales, Commissioner Estill was for some time our Commanding Officer in South Africa. Ever conspicuous for his loyalty and devotion to the flag, as well as for his practical love for souls, we confidently anticipate for the new leaders of Holland a career that will be marked by great blessing and usefulness.

Commissioner Howard has returned to London, Eng., after nine weeks in a whirligig of labor; but, to quote his own words, "Never in all my previous experiences have I realized as I did throughout this campaign so much of the directing, controlling, enlightening, and inspiring presence of the Holy Spirit." The Commissioner believes there is a grand future for the Salvation Army in Australasia. To use his own words, he remarked: "It is without parallel."

### Italy.

Brigadier Mapp and Staff-Capt. Salter, of the Foreign Office, have returned to England from a ten days' visit to Italy and France. They found our officers and soldiers in those countries determined to keep the flag up, in spite of the hardness of the fight.

In Italy Lieut.-Col. Reid's forty officers and Cadets (of whom three-fourths are Italians, our own converts, who have given up their lives for the salvation of their countrymen) met for two days' councils in Turin. Brigadier Mapp and venerable Major Peyron dwelt upon the character of Jesus Christ, and many hearts claimed the power to walk more closely in His blessed footsteps.

A special letter from the Chief of the Staff made a great impression upon the officers. His words of appreciation and counsel moved every heart.

Crowded congregations in Turin and Milan were deeply interested in the Brigadier's address on Missionary work in India, with practical illustrations of native customs and modes of worship. Salvation meetings were also held in the above-named towns, as well as in the Waldensian Valleys and at Venice. It is indeed hard work to win souls from the mocking, indifferent crowds that often fill our barracks in Italy. Encouraging results attended the meetings, however. A number of soldiers in the Valleys stood up for consecration, and sixteen souls, in all came forward in the meetings held at Milan, Turin, Spezia, and Sestri Po river.

Lieut.-Col. Reid has gained the love and consideration of her people, and we may look for advances during the coming year. The Army may even be heard of at Rome before long—but we may reveal no secrets.

### France.

Commissioner Railton, whose health we regret to say continues very far from satisfactory, will be released from the command of France, which he has held now with much blessing, for rather more than a year, for important work in connection with International Headquarters.

Our comrades in France are occupied with the Self-Denial effort, into which they have put an amount of holy zeal and hard work unparalleled for years past. The meetings with the officers in Lyons and Paris were heart-searching and melting. There was a spirit of life in the meeting for soldiers and friends in the Rue Auber Hall, Paris, and some bright, newly-enrolled soldiers were to the front with testimony and prayer. We finished with twelve seekers claiming victory through the blood of the Lamb.

Mention of the General and the Chief of the Staff was received with hearty and prolonged volleys, as well as pressing and repeated invitations for the Chief to visit these Territories.

### Sweden.

The Chief of the Staff will visit Sweden the first part of January. One of the leading churches has been kindly loaned for the Chief of the Staff's public meeting on January 7th.

"Ystado Allahanda," a leading newspaper in Sweden, has for some time past been publishing a series of articles entitled, "The Salvation Army's Twenty Years' Good Work in Sweden." The articles have been of great interest, and, says the Strids Ropet, "most certainly have done much good."

In connection with Self-Denial Week, the Methodists have kindly opened three of their churches for the Army, in which it is intended to conduct some musical meetings.

A corps has been opened at Bergkvara, a Swedish fishing place, and the barracks has fittingly been named "The Lighthouse." The building lies on the shore with a view over the sea. The opening meetings were most successful, the barracks being crowded at every meeting. Prospects are excellent.

### South Africa.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Sandall, of Australia, have been appointed to South Africa, and were expected to arrive there about the middle of December. The Staff-Captain goes as Private Secretary to the Commissioner. He has had a great deal of experience in Secretarial work, and worked under the Commissioner when he was in Australia.

Brigadier and Mrs. Palstra, all well, will arrive in South Africa, from Europe, early in December. The Brigadier is a well proved and faithful officer of many years' standing, and will undoubtedly be a great acquisition to our forces there. He has been appointed to the command of our work in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. His perfect command of English and Dutch makes the appointment an eminently suitable one.

### West Indies.

Brigadier Rauch is appointed to the command of the West Indies. He is an officer of long and varied experience, and we predict a period of success and advance in his new Territory.

Commissioner Cadman is expected to arrive in England soon, from the West Indies. God has abundantly blessed his stay in those Islands.

Colonel Taylor, at short notice, has started for the West Indies. The Colonel will assume temporary charge until the arrival of Brigadier Rauch, who has been appointed to the command, and also release Commissioner Cadman.

### India.

Adj. Govaars, of Holland, and Lieut. Sarah Battler, left England for India on the 18th ult. A further party of officers will be proceeding to India during the first days of 1903. Some Norwegians will probably be included.

Adj. and Mrs. Dennett, late of India, have been appointed for twelve months to Italy, as collectors. Genoa will be their working centre.

Commissioner Higgins has united Adjutant (Doctor) Turner to Capt. Mayger, at Nagercoil, India. Over three thousand people were present at the ceremony.

In spite of a late monsoon and accompanying severe fevers, the work of soul-saving is progressing in our Punjab Territory. Fifteen native Cadets were recently commissioned and sent out into the field. Before the commissioning they spent a day at Nowshera, a large village corps, twelve miles from Gurdaspur. The afternoon was chiefly occupied in settling a village dispute, which gave the Cadets a lesson in dealing with such matters.

A quarrel had arisen between one family and the rest of the village—all of one caste—over their water, each side having gone to court against the other. Our object was to stop the prosecution and to induce each side to make peace and withdraw the case. After a good deal of manipulation and cross-examination by the Chancellor, success was obtained, and both sides promised to come to Headquarters on the following day and sign a paper of reconciliation, which they also did.

The work amongst the Boers at Ceylon, though somewhat slow, has been steadily maintained. There are four different camps, viz., Diyatalawa, Ragama, Mount Lavinia, and Urugammanhandiya, in three of which we have had comrades preaching and living salvation.

The little band of Leaguers in Karachi sends word to the effect that in the face of many difficulties, they are still plodding on, and we are not surprised to hear that God is blessing them accordingly. When unable to secure any more suitable place to hold their meetings in, they repair an old wash-house, and find the words of the poet true—

"Where'er we seek Him, He is found,  
And every place is hallowed ground."

Staff-Capt. Renfrew, who has charge of this branch of our work, reports some splendid cases of conversion in the Boer Camps.

The Self-Denial Week throughout India was commenced on the 28th September, has been taken up with real Salvation spirit. Various dates have been fixed for different Territories, so that the final effort does not close till October 30th.

### Norway.

Commissioner Ridsdøl's Self-Denial tour was crowned with splendid meetings. The tour lasted twenty-six days, and nineteen corps were visited in five different Divisions. In the forty-seven meetings held, about sixty souls came to the penitent form.

The Salvation Army has the honor of being the first to translate and publish in the Norwegian language the well-known book of Rev. Mr. Finney's life.

Christiania has been favored with a visit of Lieut.-Colonel Ogrim. Besides his business there he conducted four meetings in the city, and of course our Norwegian comrades were delighted at the opportunity of standing by their old Chief Secretary. Nineteen souls sought salvation.



## Opening of New Barracks

AT CALGARY, ALTA.

A SPLENDID STRUCTURE—CITIZENS DELIGHTED

—GENEROUS DONATIONS—NEARLY \$5,000

RAISED LOCALLY—COST \$6,500

ENTHUSIASTIC OPENING

SERVICES.

BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.

"She's a peach!" was the ejaculation with which one of the leading Local Officers greeted us as we entered the new hall. If it sounds colloquial, it is certainly expressive, and one might write a great deal without saying as much as those three words suggest.

From what I had gathered through the correspondence with the officers in charge, I expected to see a decent building, but when I had the opportunity of inspecting the building it was more than a surprise.

A fine, massive front, with its solid-looking tower, impressed me at once as to its substantial character. The dressing of Calgary stone, with the red brick, gives a very pretty effect, and combined with the style of architecture, gives the structure both a handsome and strong appearance.

The main entrance in the tower—the interior being protected from draught by two sets of green baize doors—contains a vestibule about nine feet wide, and has an inviting aspect.

Reaching the main hall, one is impressed with the workmanlike finish of everything—woodwork, seats, plastering, and so on.

Another pleasing feature is the brightness of the hall—the natural wood being varnished, and being British Columbia fir, is light and pretty, acting as a reflector when the lights are turned on. The seats also are nearly the same color. The platform is a neat arrangement, with a small room on each side, and will seat about sixty persons. The auditorium will seat about 400 persons, and with the folding doors of the junior hall thrown open will seat about 130 more.

This small hall is the best arrangement we have seen for the purposes of the Juniors. A neat room for a library opens from it, underneath the stairs that lead to the quarters. Entrance is gained by means of a side door in the hall at the main entrance.

Over the Junior hall, upstairs, is the officers'

quarters, containing kitchen, pantry, dining, and sitting rooms, bath-rooms, three bed-rooms, and will prove a bright and comfortable quarters for officers—of which they are worthy.

Having given this brief description of the building, it will be readily understood that it was with pleasure I accepted Capt. Gillam's pressing invitation to open the new hall. Seventeen hundred miles to do this seemed at first rather a big order, but the thought of the splendid service Capt. and Mrs. Gillam had put in made anything like demurring or hesitating out of the question. Moreover, feeling I might give a little extra pull on the financial net was also another incentive, and judging by the results we are satisfied it was worth the journey and the effort.

## THE OPENING.

The formal opening was announced for 2.30 on the Sunday afternoon. A large crowd of all classes of citizens crowded the sidewalk and street. After singing the verse—

"Lord, we give to Thee this building," etc.,

Capt. Gillam prayed. It then became my privilege to turn the key, and "in the name of our beloved General and Commissioner to declare this building open for the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

As the doors swung back the soldiers cheered, and the sound of drums, and blare of brass instruments proclaimed the opening of a building whose influence will have no small part in helping to lay a moral and spiritual foundation in the town and vicinity such as is desired by its best citizens.

The Sunday services were well attended, and the interest and sympathy of the audiences were plainly visible.

Monday night was the meeting upon which the attention of the people had been particularly focussed, for leading citizens were announced to give addresses.

Mr. Young, proprietor of the Calgary Herald, admirably filled the position of chairman, and seemed quite at home in a Salvation Army meeting. The Mayor and several of the Aldermen were present, as also Mr. Bennett, M.L.A., Rev. Messrs. Herdman and Leech, and others. The chairman called upon the Provincial Officer to give out the opening song. The latter took advantage of the opportunity of suggesting that everyone should join the Army, for that night at least, and if His Worship and the Council decided to do so permanently it would



Capt. and Mrs. Banks, married at Kemplville, on Oct. 27th, '08.

afford the P. O. an excellent newsy item to wire to the War Cry.

## APPRECIATION.

The highest encomiums were paid to the Army's work, and its various and unceasing efforts, by the various speakers. All expressed themselves delighted with the structure, and considered it a distinct acquisition to the town.

The chairman called upon the Provincial Officer to read the statement. This revealed that nearly four thousand dollars had been subscribed in the town, which was nearly one dollar per head of population. The actual cost of various parts of the work was detailed, and in round figures showed that the cost of the building was \$6,500. Dealing with the assets and liabilities, it was found that a deficit of seven hundred and fifty dollars was to be faced. This was reduced to five hundred by the amount received in that meeting, by admission money and donations. If this should catch the eye of someone who would like to assist our Calgary comrades to remove this liability, the officer in charge, or the Provincial Officer at Winnipeg, will be glad to receive your donation.

To the business-like energy, enterprise, and hard work of Capt. Gillam must be attributed in the main the credit for the success of the project. Royally supported by his gallant wife, they have demonstrated what an unwavering alliance with three G's—God, grit, and gunpoint—will accomplish.

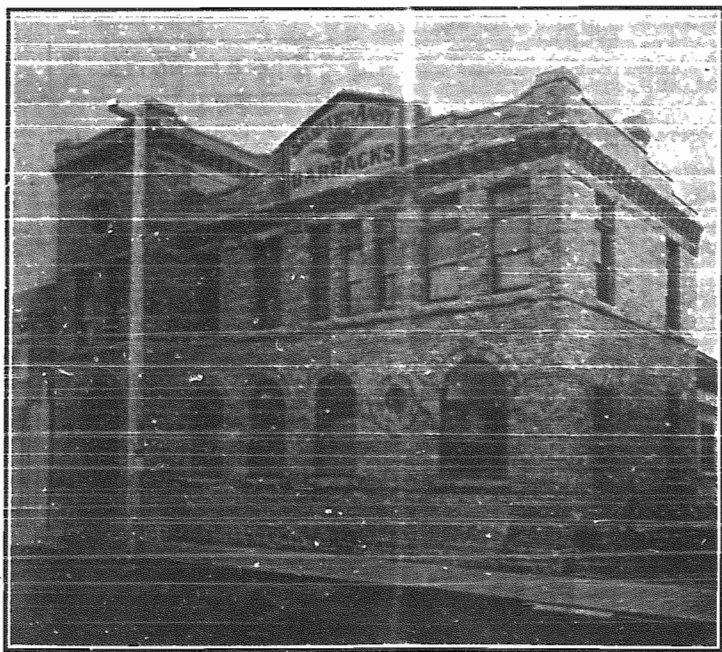
The corps went down? Oh, no! Laying brick, driving nails, carrying the hod—anything for God and the war—during the day, and after souls at night is the history and the secret of the double triumph of these officers' command in this town. Not only that, but the influence of their work will live for years to come, and full credit will be theirs when the rewards of "that Great Day" are distributed. Once again, too, we see what Salvation Army methods can be made to accomplish when applied in the way already alluded to.

Great credit is due to the soldiers and friends also, whose generosity and support have made possible so splendid an issue to the building project.

May they live to enjoy many rich and lowly seasons of God's blessing in their new sanctuary, which is destined, as voiced by the various speakers on that Monday evening, to be a place that many a weary soul shall look to, in the truest sense, and regard as "Home."

The Gibraltar Home is a blessing to both saved and unsaved men. Its quiet reading-room is now, and always, a refuge for those who seek quiet. The place has been "done up" by the Staff-Captain, who has painted and decorated it so well that it looks almost new.

Capt. Bax, who has assisted at the Malta Naval and Military Home for over two years among Service-men, has gone to Gibraltar, and Capt. Skinner has succeeded him. Five souls sought salvation in the farewell and welcome meetings.



THE NEW BARRACKS AT CALGARY, N.W.T.

# OUR BOOMERS' HONOR

**Bigger Triumphant—East Ontario Doing Exports**  
Hurrah for London!—Puzzle: Find the  
North-West, and the Cadets.

That and all Niger 18, again defeated the  
 rival Arab. I tell you, that will tell every  
 thing.

But Ontario's gallant steed nearly overtook Arac in the race this week. Surely Arac's best days are not past. A little extra care paid to him will work wonders, Brigadier McMillan. Why, I remember the time when his speed was 1:09.

The telephone number for the work is that renowned limit, West, of London. No less than 100 sales are down to her credit. For what we are about to receive in the future, may we be truly thankful.

The East Ontario office sent to the manager of Maple Ridge, Peter and Marcia Clark, Platoon, with three weeks' sales to their credit. I changed them to the average sales per week. There is no use at this time in doing anything the thing to put 250 sales down to the captain, and let the war go on in front West.

Newfoundland has reached the Pacific Ocean, and recrossed it. As for the North West Passage, it is as good as if it were or as extended as the

The Account of the Return of the North Wood  
Hut, I cannot give local. Others say remarks  
on the large number of men reported this week.  
Two had, sent it, I thought I keep into the  
municipal office and had. William Smith a man

11. "Aufgabe der Kunst ist es, die Welt zu zeigen, wie sie ist, nicht wie sie sein sollte." (Kurt Hiller)

[illegible][illegible]

Sergt. Place, Bermuda  
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow  
Sergt. Hinchey, New Glasgow  
Bar Jarvis, Halifax House  
Capt. Jackson, Boston  
Ensign Lorimer, Parramatta  
Lieut. Chapman, St John's  
Sergt. Barnes, Bermuda  
Lieut. Threlkeld, Lunenburg  
Capt. Givensdale, Sydney  
Lieut. Roddick, St Stephen  
Lieut. Ferguson, Charleston Wm  
Capt. Hudson, Birmingham  
Lieut. Morgan, Philadelphia  
Capt. Hamilton, Schenectady  
Lieut. Legger, Schenectady  
Capt. Leach, New York  
Capt. Clark, Whitney  
Lieut. Ramsey, Hillsboro  
Mrs. Beatty, Providence  
Lieut. Fiske, Seattle  
Capt. White, St John V  
Brother Keane, Gatesburg  
M. M. Perry, Annapolis  
Mrs. Marshall, Duxbury  
Lieut. Newman, Windsor  
Major Wilson, Cambridge  
Lieut. McIntire, Springfield  
Sergt. Smith, Hingham  
Mrs. Small, Monroe  
Lieut. Bond, New York  
Capt. Quinn, Gatesburg  
Lieut. Stroutland, Freeport  
M. M. Jones, St John  
Emma Thompson, New Glasgow  
Sergt. England, Chatham  
Capt. Snow, Clark's River  
Lieut. Wood, Clark's River  
Capt. Fremont, Annapolis  
Lieut. Lear, Duxbury  
Sergt. Farley, Fort  
Mrs. Garrison, Trenton  
Mrs. Snow, Halifax H.  
Mrs. Lyster, Bermuda  
Lieut. Alexander, Baltimore  
Anne LaBolt, Bridgeport  
Capt. Waite, North Head  
Lieut. Hazen, North Head  
Lieut. Clark, Lansing  
M. Kent, Port Royal

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

[illegible]

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Lieut. West, London .....	400
Capt. Coy. G. Gerlich .....	130
Mr. Major Cooper, Bradford .....	110
Missie Chatterton, Chatham .....	100

Adjt. Scott, Galva  
 Lieut. Capt. Galt, Waverly  
 Minnie Bradley, Waverly  
 Mrs. Jordon, Chatham  
 Capt. Wilson, Paris  
 Lieut. Williams, Petrolia  
 Capt. Bradt, Seaford  
 George Ewing, Seaford  
 S.-M. Tremaine, Littleton  
 Mrs. Burton, Stratford  
 Mrs. M. M. Smith, Hideretown  
 Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Tilsenborg  
 Lieut. Daria, Wallaceburg  
 Capt. E. Brown, Wallaceburg  
 Lieut. Husley, Sarnia  
 S.-M. Liebrook, Leamington  
 S.-M. Caldwell, St. Thomas  
 S.-M. Little Buckwell, St. Thomas  
 Sister Harbada, Guelph  
 Capt. Woods, Essex  
 Lieut. Thompson, Essex  
 A. Himmelf, Watford  
 Capt. Bennett, St. Thomas  
 Capt. Patterson, Palmerston  
 P. S.-M. Glover, Dresden  
 Capt. Young, St. Thomas  
 Capt. Fenner, St. Thomas  
 Lieut. Richardson, Berlin  
 Capt. Hodgson, Berlin  
 Capt. Malley, Brantford  
 Mrs. Capt. Cor. Goderich  
 St. Norwold, London  
 Lieut. Close, Leamington  
 Capt. Kirbren, Simcoe  
 S.-M. Wainman, Simcoe  
 Mrs. Dowell, Wingham  
 Capt. F. V. Wainman, Wingham  
 Lieut. Hamer, Brimham  
 Capt. E. C. Mitchell  
 Capt. Williams, Wainburg  
 Capt. Crago, Theedford  
 Lieut. Allen, Goderich  
 Capt. Hinton, Chatham  
 Capt. Pickle, Galt  
 Mrs. Gossling, Galt  
 Capt. Chatter, Petrolia  
 S.-M. Grace Cooper, Brantford  
 Sister L. Garada, London  
 Mrs. Lamb, Brantford  
 S. N. Allen, Wallaceburg  
 Capt. Sharpe, Tilsenborg  
 Adjt. McEwen, Guelph  
 Mrs. Capt. Stratford  
 Mrs. Adjt. McEwen, Guelph  
 Mrs. Capt. Hideretown  
 Lieut. Christian, Dresden  
 Leslie Revely, Paris  
 Arthur S. Smith, Paris  
 Capt. Harwood, Paris  
 E. M. Berry, Simcoe  
 S.-M. Brewster, Berlin  
 S.-M. Graham, Thamesville  
 Mrs. Munro, Waverly  
 Mrs. McEwen, Berlin  
 Capt. Harman, Hideretown  
 Capt. Burton, Stratford  
 Harry Vinton, Windsor  
 Sergt. Knapp, Ingersoll  
 Harry Walker, Ingersoll  
 Mrs. McEwen, St. Thomas  
 R. M. Ellis, Dresden  
 Adjt. Cameron, Chatham

## EAST GUJARAT PROVINCE

Capt. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	15
Capt. Hoek, Picton (average 3 wk)	12
Mrs. Adjt. Newman, Burlington	11
Capt. S. E. S. Macdonald, Montreal I.	10
Capt. Newell, St. Johnsbury	10
Capt. Readall, Nanaimo	9
Sergt. J. E. S. Macdonald, Montreal I.	9
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	9
Ident. Lewis, St. Johnsbury	9
Capt. Smith, Fergus	8
Ident. Duncan, Guelph	8
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	8
Capt. Miller, Oudenburg	7
Ident. Mathew & Giesse	7
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	7
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	7
Capt. Bayne, Barre	7
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Belleville	7
C.-C. Nolle point, Kingston	7
Capt. Fraser, Kingston	6
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	6
Ident. Pader, Pembroke	6
Capt. Fraser, Kingston	6
Ensign Haley, Cornwall	6
Capt. E. M. Owens, Port Hope	6
Sergt. Hodge, Montreal I.	6
Lieut. Howard, Newport	6
Capt. Gilson, Newport	6
Sergt. Wolfe, Burlington	6
Capt. Moss, Barre	6
P. S. M. Moon, Tweed	5
Capt. Crego, Montreal I.	5
Capt. Macdonald, Quebec	5
Sergt. McVieky, Sherbrooke	5
Mrs. Macdonald, Kingston	5
Adjt. Hobbins, Ottawa	5
Marcus Clark, Picton (average 3 wk)	4
Mrs. Adjt. Heller, Ottawa	4
Sergt. Leitch, Peterboro	4
Capt. Oldford, Millbrook	4
Adjt. Newman, Burlington	4
Capt. Newman, Ottawa	4
C.-C. Fodger, Brockville	4
C.-C. Smith, Oudenburg	4
Capt. Lab, Port Hope	4
Stefier Louis, Ottawa	4
S.-M. Harbour, Ottawa	4
Ident. Jarvis, Deseronto	4
Capt. Liddell, Deseronto	4
Capt. Darts, Tweed	4
Capt. Burns, Brockville	4
Sergt. Mrs. Price, Algonquin	4
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	4
Capt. Brown, Belleville	4
Sergt. Vaucor, Montreal I.	4
Mrs. Adjt. Hobb, Kingston	4
P. S. M. Bonnell, Millbrook	4
P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal I.	4
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	4
Capt. Ding, Kingston	4
Lieut. Webster, Kingston	4
Lieut. Crosby, Kingston	4
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	4
Lieut. Granger, Barre	4
Sergt. Mary Billings, Prescott	4
S.-M. Kinsman, Oudenburg	4
Thomas, Sherbrooke	4

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE

## 87 Hunt's Bay

S. M. Whitten, St. John's I. . . . .  
Lieut. H. S. Williams, St. John's I. . . . .  
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I. . . . .  
Lieut. Sherran, St. John's I. . . . .  
Sergt. T. C. Williams, Tilt Cove . . . . .  
Mrs. Blackmore, Pilley's Island . . . . .  
Lieut. Snow, St. John's I. . . . .  
Sergt. H. S. Williams, St. John's I. . . . .  
Mrs. Newman, Willingdale . . . . .  
Lieut. White, Dildo . . . . .  
Sergt. Lang, Bay of Islands . . . . .  
Capt. Baggs, St. John's I. . . . .  
Ella Dill, St. John's I. . . . .  
Nettie Lane, Grand Harbour . . . . .  
P. S. M. Bennett, Fortune . . . . .  
Sergt. J. Collins, Fortune Sound . . . . .  
Sergt. Hall, Bonno Bay . . . . .  
Lieut. Snow, Channel . . . . .  
Sergt. H. S. Williams, St. John's I. . . . .  
Sarah Manuel, St. John's . . . . .  
Capt. Noeworthy, St. John's I. . . . .  
Sergt. J. Montgomery, St. John's I. . . . .  
J. S. M. Auld, Clarendville . . . . .  
C. C. Abbott, Delling Cove . . . . .  
Sergt. Crook, Little Beach . . . . .  
Sergt. H. Kerby, Burlo . . . . .  
Lieut. James, Magdalenvoun . . . . .  
Sergt. Crook, Little Beach . . . . .  
Sergt. Carter, Weesleyville . . . . .  
George Earle, St. John's I. . . . .  
Cadet Hillis, St. John's I. . . . .  
Sergt. J. Ash, Harbor Grace . . . . .  
M. C. Conroy, Anson's . . . . .  
Capt. H. B. Hertz, St. Austerson  
Mrs. Adit, Hiscoc, Grand Bank  
Vernon Power, Grand Bank  
Capt. Ford, Old Perlican . . . . .

## PACIFIC PROVINCE

33 Husters.	
Sister Wright, Victoria	2
Sister Brown, Westport	2
Elmigo Scott, Everett	1
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Batte	1
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Mission	1
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	1
Capt. Stevens, Westport	1
Capt. Leung, Victoria	1
Capt. Knudson, Great Falls	1
Lieut. Lewis, Victoria	1
Adjt. Yew, Helena	1
Adjt. Nelson, Vancouver	1
Adjt. Stephens, Vancouver	1
Lieut. Hawkins, Great Falls	1
Capt. Roblin, Livingston	1
Capt. Heater, Livingston	1
Adjt. Dowell, Batte	1
Capt. Brett, Vancouver	1
Capt. Charlton, Vancouver	1
Capt. Massey, Victoria	1
Capt. Mansour, Vancouver	1
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	1
Capt. Rickard, Dillon	1
Capt. Holmes, Fernie	1
Sergt. McLaughland, Spokane	1
Sergt. McDonald, Mt. Vernon	1
Sergt. Glen, Vancouver	1
Florine, Vancouver	1
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	1
Capt. McCosmick, same	1
Sister Hester, Great Falls	1
Ensign Sheard, Fernie	1
Sister Fern, Roseland	1

**G. B. M. NOTES.**

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

Since my last report the following places have been visited:

We had a very nice time here with the promise of a better one at my next visit. We have just lost our old Box Agent, but have secured another one in the person of Miss M. Schurter. So we shall look forward to see good results this next quarter.

The attendance was small for Galt. Mott Egerton is all right as a Box Agent, has the interest of her work at heart, and comes each time with real good results.

We had a very good time. Capt. and Mr. Rock did their best to make the meeting success. Mrs. Johnson, the Local Agent, did very well indeed. She always believes in her on time.

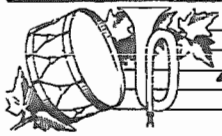
The weather was very cold upon the occasion of my visit to this place, consequently there were only a few present. Sister West, the Local Agent, did well with her boxes, coming off with a good increase upon the last quarter.

We had a fairly good time. The lantern service was very well attended, and was enjoyed by all. The Local Agents, Mrs. Buch and Mr. Hardy, did very well. The latter is a new Agent, and is taking hold of her work in a good style. We welcome our Mrs. Hardy.

Tilsenburgh.  
Capt. and Mrs. Sharpe did their very best to make the meeting a success, and their faith and works were rewarded, as we beat all past records. Much credit is due to the officers

The writer is still well, nicely saved, and happy, doing his best for God and the salvation of his fellow men.





# Songs and Solos of the Week

## By Blood and By Fire.

Tune.—*Living beneath the shade of the cross* (B.J. 109).

'Tis best to be saved by fire and blood,  
'Tis best to be doing what's right and good,  
'Tis best to wear garments whiter than snow,  
'Tis best to be saved all over.

### Chorus.

Saving the world by blood and by fire,  
Living more holy, getting saved higher,  
I never felt saved so much before—  
I know I am saved all over.

'Tis best to be holy, 'tis best to be clean;  
'Tis best for no spots of sin to be seen;  
'Tis best to be pure in body and soul;  
'Tis best to be saved all over.

'Tis best to be perfect, best to be whole;  
'Tis best to have glory filling the soul;  
'Tis best to be trusting, best to have rest;  
'Tis best to be saved all over.

## Fight for the Lord.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

Tunes.—*Realms of the blest: We shall win* (B.B. 15, B.J. 28).

2 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,  
Till we march by the river of light,  
Where the Lamb leads His saints free from care,  
All robed in their garments of white?

### Chorus.

Everywhere, who'll fight for the Lord every-  
where?

Oh, think of the fiends everywhere,  
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,  
Of the curses that breathe on the air,  
From souls wandering far from their God!

O Saviour, lead me everywhere,  
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy rest,  
Till the prey from the mighty we tear,  
And our country with Thy peace is blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,  
For the terrible need I can see:  
Many dying in sin everywhere,  
My Jesus alone can set free.

## Joe's Experience.

Tune.—*Glory, glory, hallelujah!*

3 Two years ago, right in this town,  
A sad and miserable life I led.  
In pondering over my career,  
I sometimes wished that I were dead:  
But three months passed and a change came,  
'Twas in Victoria, B.C.,  
There in the Salvation Army barracks  
Jesus Christ spoke peace to me.

### Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Scarce seventeen when I did gamble,  
Tobacco, liquor fell in line,  
Though I tried to quit these habits,  
I got defeated every time.  
But when I knelt, asked Jesus to save me,  
Christ just showed me where I stood;  
I came to Christ with heart repentant,  
'Twas then He cleansed me in His blood.

Since that time my life's been happy,  
I'm kept rejoicing all the time;  
What a glorious alteration  
He has made in this life of mine.  
I've now no use for rum or beer,  
At the gambling table no longer seen,  
I'm standing here a living witness—  
"His blood can make the vilest clean."

Sinner friend, whate'er your life's been,  
Though it were as dark as night,  
If you come with a sincere spirit,  
Jesus Christ can set you right.  
Never mind what people say, friends,  
Rise above such thoughts as these,  
Come and ask the Lord to save you,  
Right down here get on your knees.

## Come, Saith the Lord.

BY A. L. CHURCH, BERMUDA.

Tune.—*Heid Thou my hand.*

4 Come, saith the Lord, together let us rea-  
son,  
O wandering child, hard pressed by many a  
foe;

Though your transgressions be as red as crim-  
son,  
I will forgive, and wash them white as snow.

### Chorus.

Pray, sinner, pray, etc.

Thus saith the Lord, who dwelleth in the heav-  
en,  
I will revive the humble, contrite heart;  
His ways I've seen, and surely I will heal him,  
And hide him safely from the tempter's dart.

Come unto Me, all weary, heavy laden,  
And ye shall find a rest unto your soul;  
Come unto Me, with all your sorrow burdened,  
I will receive and make you fully whole.

## "The Spirit and the Bride Say Come."

BY ADJT. MCINDOE.

Tune.—*Mid the green fields of Virginia.*

5 Calling to you in your sadness, calling to  
you in your joy,  
Comes the loving invitation of the Lord,  
And the words of friends departed, whom you  
knew so long ago,  
Seem to swell with earnest longing the ac-  
cord,

And it stirs to stronger impulse every undefined  
desire,  
To be among the ransomed counted true,  
You feel it thrill your heart-strings and lift  
your soul up higher,  
Calling to you from beyond the starry blue.

### Chorus.

They are calling now to you, they are calling  
now to you,

Their voices thrill your spirit through and  
through;  
'Tis the Spirit and the Bride calling from the  
other side,  
Calling to you from beyond the starry blue.  
Calling to the reckless sinner till his heart is  
aching sore,  
With repentance for a life by sin accused,  
Till he drinks of life's bright fountain and with-  
in its waters pure,  
Finds a satisfying portion for his thirst;  
Calling to the earnest Christian soul to bring  
the cup of prayer,  
And fill it at the fountain-head anew,  
With life still more abundant and strength to  
do or dare,  
Till he joins the host beyond the starry blue.

## One All Can Sing.

Tune.—*Open and let the Master in* (B.B. 11,  
B.J. 52).

6 The Saviour died, poor soul, for you,  
To save you from your sin;  
He'll pardon you, your heart renew,  
If you'll only let Him in.

### Chorus.

Then open, open, open and let the Master in,  
let Him in;  
For your heart shall be bright with the hallelu-  
jah light,  
If you'll only let the Master in!  
The world has never given you rest,  
It cannot satisfy;  
This hour you shall be freed and blest,  
If you to God will cry.

Your conscience, stained with years of guilt,  
He'll purge from every stain;  
His grace He'll give, that you may live,  
A life that's free from blame.

The Holy Ghost shall come within,  
And make your pathway bright;  
Then you shall know a heaven below,  
While walking in the light.

## For Sunday Night.

BY JOE LOGAN, SPOKANE.

Tune.—*Would Jesus have the sinner die?* (B.B.  
21, B.J. 7).

7 Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange, expiring cry?  
Sinner, He prays for you and me—  
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive;  
They know not that by Me they live."

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb!

By all Thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away!

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears;  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening sound,  
Since I, e'en I have mercy found.

## All Hail the Power.

Tune.—*All hail the power* (B.J. 323).

8 All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

## The Commissioner, Miss Booth,

WILL VISIT

HAMILTON, Tuesday, January 6th—  
Poor Children's Treat.

PETERBORO, Saturday, Sunday and Mon-  
day, January 10th, 11th and 12th.

HAMILTON I., Saturday, Sunday and  
Monday, January 17th, 18th and 19th.

TEMPLE, Monday, February 2nd.—Com-  
missioning of Fifty Cadets.

The Commissioner will also Conduct  
a Series of

UNITED SOLDIERS' MEETINGS  
in the Temple on three Wednesdays,  
January 14th, 21st and 28th.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will accompany the Commissioner  
in Peterboro and Hamilton.